WHEN THE TIDE IS LOW.

Some time at eve when the tide is low
I shall slip my moorings and sail away.
With no response to the friendly hail
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
When the night stoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call in the water's flow—
Some time at eve when the tide is low
I shall slip my mooring and sail away.

Through purple shadows that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the Unknown Sea,
I shall fare me away with a dip of sail
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager, sailing away
To Mystic Isles, where at anchor lay
The craft of those who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unknown Shore.

A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some friendly barks that were anchored near—
Some loving souls that my heart held dear
In silent sorrow will drop a tear.
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm or gale,
And greeted the friends who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unknown Shore.
—Lizzie Clark Hardy, in Boston Watchman.

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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Upon the morrow I duly presented myself at the Gerard mansion. I possessed a suit of dress-clothes, in which I arrayed myself with lively satisfaction. I hadn't tied a white cravat for over a year, and my hand had lost something of its cunning; but I felt at home in my sables and—I will not say a gentleman, for every son of the Golden West is a gentleman, but—a gentilhomme.

My patron greeted me with a keen glance. He wore, what he had worn the day before, a plain business suit; and he received me in the library.

"Cocktail?" he asked, abruptly.

I bowed; and the butler brought the drinks.

"To your very good health," said Gerard, with his queer stare.

"At your service, sir."

"I hope so," he replied, with an odd chuckle. "You've a fine appetite, eh? That's right. And I'm going to give you a dinner worthy of it. Yes, yes; a dinner fit for a prince."

He led the way to his dining room, and we sat down tete-a-tete. Mr. Gerard plied me with questions, and his servants with meat and drink.

"Know many people on this coast?" he asked, as he gulped down his soup, a wonderful puree of chicken, with asparagus points in it.

"Not a soul, except George Poindexter."

"Ahem!" He frowned. "The less you see of him the better. I presume he was at Yale with you. Just so. A fool! Leave fools alone. I'm afraid of fools. Knaves I can handle."

He gobbled up his fish, and he tried a new tack.

"You ain't engaged to be married?" he blurted out. "No? Glad to hear it. And you said you were an orphan—eh?"

"I don't think so; but I am an orphan."

"Good! I mean"—he blinked and grinned at his slip—"I mean, my boy, that for the game ahead it's better for you to be—er—free."

"You spoke yesterday of slavery."

"Ha, ha! so I did, so I did. Well, well, we're all slaves, ain't we? I'm a slave to my millions; you ought to be a slave to your appetite and—er—the exigencies of youth. You were brought up in luxury? Your father was a rich man?"

"Yes."

"I know all about that. How does this Chateau Yquem suit your palate?"

I became enthusiastic immediately. My father's cellars in Philadelphia were famous, but he had never owned such wine as this, and I said so. He seemed pleased.

"I'll give you a bottle of Lafitte after dinner," he said, solemnly, "which you will appreciate. I'm glad you know the difference between good wine and bad—between dining, as we are dining, and mere eating. You like pictures, eh?"

"That one belonged to us," I said, glancing gloomily at a fine Constable.

"I'll let you have it—when you want it—at the price I gave for it." He named a considerable sum. "You would like" he peered at me from behind his glass—"to buy back the old acres?"

"Yes," I replied, with energy, "I would."

"Things are coming your way, my boy. Lucky, now, wasn't it, that you read that little 'ad'? How long, at, say, thirty dollars a month, would it take to buy that picture, or a dozen cases of wine even? Eh? eh?"

Fifty minutes later the dinner (as he said, a dinner fit for a prince) came to an end, and we returned to the library, where coffee was served in some wonderful Belleek china cups. Then my host unlocked a grotesquely carved Chinese cabinet and produced some curious cigars, cigars never seen in the market, long and thin, with outside leaves of velvety fineness, and a fragrance which lingers still in my memory. These we lighted, and Gerard, sitting near me with his back to the lamp, sighed softly.

I confess that I was nervous. The elaborate dinner, the rare wines, the talk, turning as it had upon the glory and desirability of things material, had stirred my senses, but aroused my suspicions. Why, I asked myself, why this parade of wealth, this worship of the Golden Calf? Gerard, watching me with his shrewd blinking eyes, interpreted my thoughts.

"Contrast," he said, abruptly, "colors our lives."

"And the jade," I returned, "seems to paint blindfold; all the pigments on her palette lavished upon one fellow, while his brother man, more deserving possibly, must content himself with a daub of neutral gray."

"Your colorless man," snapped my host, "is not contented; and, take my word for it, the under dog in the fight—who seems to have your sympathy—generally deserves to be bitten. I have tried to-night, my lad, to emphasize the difference between the rich man and the poor man. I have done it—eh?"

The sharp "eh?" provoked me.

"Yes," I answered, calmly, though my pulse was running riot; "you have made me realize, in a way I could scarcely have believed possible, all that I've lost."

"And all, my young friend, that may be found again."

"Yes," I returned, bitterly, "but the cost, sir?—the moral and physical price which must be paid?"

"I'm coming to that. Yesterday, as soon as you had left the bank, I wired the president of Yale, and received his answer before sundown. It was more than satisfactory. I'm proud to entertain so distinguished a guest. And now, as my time is valuable, to business! I must confide in you. That confidence, no matter what happens, must never be abused."

"Not by me," I answered, firmly.

"I'm willing to pay you," he said, slowly, never taking his piercing eyes from my face, "the large salary of $10,000 a year if you will take upon yourself the duties and responsibilities of being"—he paused, and the pitch of his voice dropped, "of being tutor and guardian to my only son."

"Your son?" I stammered. "I understood you had no son."

"Hush! I have a son, a pretty lad,"—his harsh tones softened—"whom I love well—too well for my peace of mind or body."

"But where is he?" I exclaimed.

He ignored my question and continued:

"The reasons which have forced me, sorely against my will, to keep my child's existence a secret from the world are these."

CHAPTER II.

The reasons, however, remained for a minute or two longer in his own possession. An idea, a happy thought, brought a strange sparkle to his eyes, as he rose from his chair, crossed the room and unlocked a dispatch box. From this he drew a red morocco case, which he opened and handed silently to me. It contained a beautiful miniature.

"A very lovely woman," I said.

"My wife, sir."

I glanced involuntarily at my host's wrinkled face. Was it possible that once he had played the enchanting part of Romeo to such a Juliet as this? Or had she married him for his wealth?

He held out his lean fingers for the miniature, and, leaving it in the palm of his hand, continued:

"I met her at Red Gulch, where I had made so much money. You have heard of the Black Gulch excitement; and you know, possibly, why the place came to be rechristened. No? Well, I'll tell you. It was the scene of a horrible tragedy, one of those blood-curdling crimes which shock the whole world and then are forgotten. Any old-timer will give you the particulars; but such details are not to my taste; and to be honest with you"—he shuddered—"I cannot trust myself to discuss them. The crime"—his voice sank to a whisper—"made a coward of me for life. Do you know, Mr. Livingston, that one may suddenly lose his grip and never recover it? That happened to me. The man who was murdered and so horribly mutilated was my partner, and—God!—my emotion will not surprise you when I add that he was killed by mistake The assassin intended to murder me. My partner had arranged to visit San Francisco to buy some machinery; but at the last moment he was unable to undertake the journey, and I went in his stead. That night the deed was done—done, too, in darkness, which accounted for the blunder in identity. But the ferocity of the murder cannot be described. Only a man inspired by the most malignant hatred could have butchered a fellow-creature as—"

"He was caught red-handed, of course?"

"No. He is still at large."

"And you know him?"

"Yes."

"But the motive, Mr. Gerard?"

He held up the miniature and sighed.

"Your wife!" I gasped, overwhelmed with surprise and curiosity.

"She was not then my wife. She was married at that time to—to—the man—the fiend, I say, who killed my poor friend Ferdinand Perkins. And, fool that I was, I never suspected the truth; and the devilish cunning of the monster threw suspicion upon another. When I learned the real facts, months after the tragedy had occurred, it was too late—too late!"

His distress moved me profoundly.

"The motive was jealousy, the jealousy of an Othello. I had paid attention to his wife, a blameless woman, Mr. Livingston, good as gold, and loyal to the ruffian whose name she bore. She must have known that I loved her, for she came to me one night, two weeks after the murder, and implored me to take her away. I jumped at the opportunity, and asked no questions then. We left Red Gulch—it was called Red Gulch because—you understand—behind the fastest team in the country, but none pursued. The husband—I didn't know it at the time—was down with brain fever, and raving. Well, sir, one year later I made that unhappy lady my wife by the laws of the land, but, at her special request, secretly. She easily obtained a divorce from her first husband, on the ground of desertion and failure to provide. He had disappeared. But, to my amazement, my wife refused to live openly with me. She gave these reasons:"

He paused and wiped his forehead.

"This fiend had killed Perkins believing him to be me, and had betrayed himself to his wife in his sleep. Small wonder! She dared not tell a soul, fearing for her own life; but she consulted a confidential servant, a Greek, who was my right-hand man and entirely trustworthy. Between them they unearthed the evidences of the crime, the clothes he wore, the knife. The devil—he is alive, as I told you—has a streak of insanity in his make-up. He has a madman's cunning, a madman's strength, and a madman's ferocity."

I began dimly to understand my mission. Sooner or later I might expect to pit myself against this crazy Hercules. The prospect was not pleasing.

"Why did you not prosecute," I asked, "when you learned the facts?"

"Prosecute?" he echoed. "Not a jury in the land would have sent him to the gallows. The testimony was purely presumptive, and the fact that I had eloped with and married the accused's wife would have invalidated her evidence. I submitted the case, hypothetically, to the greatest criminal lawyer in America, and he laughed at me."

"I understand."

"I suppose," he continued, dreamily, "I might have taken the law into my own hands; I might—I had the opportunity more than once—have shot him down; but, Livingston, it's a disgraceful thing to admit, but, as I told you, I am a coward. That awful night's work destroyed my nerve, made a woman of me; and my wife implored me on her knees to leave the monster alone. I"—he laughed nervously—"needed no urging, and appreciated fully my position. 'If he finds us out,' said she, 'he will kill us.' And I believed her.

"I made my arrangements, my boy, with that astuteness for which"—his eye twinkled—"I'm somewhat famous. Money can work miracles, and I hedged in my poor Lucy with twenty-dollar gold pieces."

"Your wife is alive?"

"Yes," he replied, gloomily; "but anxiety has made an old woman of her. Her beauty has gone. She is the wreck of what she once was. The Greek I spoke of has charge of her and the boy. He has been well educated, but he cannot teach the lad much longer."

"And the name, Mr. Gerard, of the murderer?"

"Burlington."

"What? The writer? The socialist?"

"That is he. I meet him," he whispered fearfully, "at banquets, at the clubs—everywhere."

I thought of that familiar figure, Damocles and the sword; of the wretch

"The assassin intended to murder me."

in the iron chamber, whose torture Poe has described; of many others whose sufferings have stained the page of history; and, noting the haggard features of the man beside me, his twitching fingers, his prematurely gray head, his sunken chest, and in salient contrast to these his love of life and pleasure, his great wealth, his power and fame—noting this and more, I considered my own future, and trembled. I make certain, looking back, that during this interview I bade good-by to my youth. The realities of this world, stripped of gloss and glamour, grinned sourly in my face, cackling derisively.

"He cannot be mad," I exclaimed.

"He is mad," persisted Gerard. "Wait till you see him. The glare of insanity is in his eyes—others have noticed it—but his self-control is marvelous. What" — he leaned forward and touched my cheek with his clammy fingers—"what will happen when that self-control gives way?"

The $10,000 salary began to shrink.

"But your son," I said, impatiently; "you wish me to be tutor to your son. What has he to do with this man?"

"Burlington," returned my host, in somber accents, "will slay my boy as he slew my friend. I am certain of it."

"Then he knows of your marriage?"

"He does."

"Of the birth of your son?"

"Yes."

"Of the sanctuary?"

"I don't know. I fear the worst."

"Mr. Gerard," I said, "are you sure that you are not the victim of your nerves? Possibly this man never committed the crime your wife charges him with. Time has—"

"Tut, tut!' he retorted, peevishly. "Do you take me for a fool? Burlington knows what he is doing. Look here—and here."

He drew from his pocketbook half a dozen sheets of paper. These were soiled and stained from use. The man must have read and re-read them a thousand times. He spread one out upon his knee, and without glancing at it, repeated to me from memory the contents.

"'You cannot escape me,' he murmured, 'but I know how to wait. I shall strike you down when you least expect it.'"

He handed me the paper, but I could not decipher the words upon it. It bore a date, March 17, 1875, and was written upon a printed telegram form.

"A telegram!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and written in cipher, a cipher several of us used at Red Gulch, and one familiar to Burlington. Here is another message, of later date. It runs: 'You have a child. Take good care of it.' When I received this," said Gerard, tapping the faded paper, "I went nearly crazy with terror. I had solved the problem which had puzzled me for five years. My life, in the opinion of this demon, was not worth the taking He had reserved for himself a sweeter revenge. Nothing would glut his appetite but the blood of my innocent child. Of course I dared not tell the mother, but I removed her at once to a safer place, and for months ceased to visit her. With the aid of my written directions she escaped the lynx eyes of our enemy, and as time passed I began to forget his threats. He had left San Francisco, and my secret agents knew nothing of his whereabouts. Then he reappeared one day, and greeted me on Market street with a diabolical stare. A few days later I received this: 'You are looking too well. How is your boy?' My friend, I fear you despise me, but I, God help me, had seen this man's handiwork. I—I—"

"Mr. Gerard," I said, earnestly, "you have my deepest sympathy. Such terrorism is infamous. But, pardon me, I cannot but hope that this villain is playing with your feelings, destroying not your body, which might bring him to the gallows, but your mind. This cruel anxiety will—"

"Drive me mad. I know it, and then those defenseless ones will be at his mercy."

"With your immense wealth," I said, slowly, "you could have bribed men to—"

"Kill him for me?" he said hurriedly. "Yes, yes; I have thought of that; but I couldn't do it, my lad—I couldn't do it."

With these words fled my lingering doubts as to whether or not I should accept the perilous position of tutor to young Gerard. My reception, the words of Poindexter, the appearance of my host, had filled me with misgivings. These misgivings were banished by pity and indignation.

"I insulted you, sir, by the suggestion; pardon me. If my poor services are required, they are yours."

He held out his hand, which I clasped firmly.

"You are very strong," he said, wistfully. "Will you stand, if necessary, between my son and Burlington?"

"That," I replied, grimly, "is in the bond."

"Blood tells," he continued, still clasping my hand. "I have some qualities which men value, but a bastard strain flows in my veins. I should have cut a poor figure in the middle ages. Well, well, you have put new life into me"—the tones of his voice strengthened perceptibly—"and I shall not be ungrateful. If you do your duty, as I know you will, the reward will be commensurate."

"Yes," I said, heartily, "the prize is worth working for."

He glanced at me queerly.

"I was not thinking of the money," he muttered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GREAT SOCIETY MAN.

But His Wife Was a Little Bit Sarcastic.

A dim light burned in the hall as Mr. Laytlie fumbled somewhat long and uncertainly with the key and then let himself in and as quietly as possible slipped off his overcoat. From the distant sitting-room another light was reflected. Mr. Laytlie knew what that meant, so he drew his tie a trifle straighter, smoothed his hair with a few hurried finger touches, pulled himself very erect and parted the portieres.

"Oh," he said, in an excess of affected surprise. "You sat up for me, did you? Didn't know you were here."

Mrs. Laytlie had been nodding sleepily over her magazine.

"I thought I would wait," she answered, with a shade of coolness in her voice.

Mr. Laytlie threw himself into a chair and blew forth a tired sigh.

"Took the last degree in the United Good Fellows to-night," he said, in an ostentatious effort to appear at ease.

"Oh!" his wife returned, in a tone that nobody but a wife can give utterance to.

"Yep," Mr. Laytlie went on, plucking up his courage; "and it was a pealer, too, I tell ye. Let's see," he went on, reflectively, "that makes—how many does that make I belong to?"

"I do not know," his wife wearily returned.

Mr. Laytlie checked off with his fingers.

"There's the Ancient Soothsayers," he said, "and the Mysterious Shrine, the Independent Order of Ostriches, the Minute Men, the Royal Rites and Lefts, the Grand Bounce, the Super Eminent Pharse, and three or four others I can't just remember, but I belong to 'em, I know, 'cause I've got their notices for dues in my pocket. Tell you what, Maria," he concluded, in a voice of pride, "I'm getting to be quite a society man."

Mrs. Laytlie arose and took up the lamp.

"There's one society you appear to have forgotten," she said, icily.

"What is that?" Mr. Laytlie asked, in some surprise.

"The society of your wife," she answered, a little sob rising to her lips and accompanying her up the stairs.—N. Y. World.

Profit in Drunks.

French army pensioners living in the Hotel des Invalides, who have all received medals for bravery on the field, occasionally drink more than is good for them. To prevent such veterans making exhibitions of themselves in public a reward of 15 cents is paid to anyone who returns an inebriated invalide to the barracks. Recently intoxication among the pensioners having increased greatly, it was discovered that a trade in rescuing had risen, a knockout drink costing five cents and warranted to act at once having been devised, which left a clean profit of ten cents per drink.—Cincinnati Enquirer

HUMOROUS.

—A woman's place for a key is in the door, after it is unlocked.—Washington Democrat.

—Actor—"Now the plot thickens." Voice from the Audience—"That's good; it has been pretty thin so far."—Tit-Bits.

—It is always surprising what people get into exclusive secret orders when they move to a strange town.—Washington Democrat.

—"Pa, what is the difference between a violinist and fiddler?" Pa—"Anywhere from one to five thousand a year."—Boston Transcript.

—When a number of women emerge from a store together, one of them always says to the others: "Now where are you going?"—Atchison Globe.

—"Why is it, Pat, that so many Irishmen are democrats?" "Faith, I don't know, unless it's because so many democrats are Irish."—Cleveland Leader.

—Boarder—"This chicken soup seems to be rather weak." Landlady—"I don't see why; I told the cook how to make it, but perhaps she didn't catch the idea." Boarder—"Perhaps she didn't catch the chicken."—Chicago News.

—Unsportsmanlike.—"I hyahs tell dat football is a pow'ful rough game," said Miss Miaani Brown. "'Deed 'tis," replied Erastus Pinkley. "Dey's gettin' so dey ain' satisfied wif buttin' haids like gemmen; de las' game I wus in dey got to kickin' shins!"—Washington Star.

THANKSGIVING NOT IN ART.

America's Distinctive Religious Festival Thus Far Shunned.

Thanksgiving day, America's distinctive religious festival of rejoicing, has no place in art. Easter, Christmas, New Year's day, Fourth of July and almost every other day of celebration have been made themes for creative genius and have furnished the world many of its choicest engravings, paintings and sculptures. But Thanksgiving, though in spirit and practice a day of gladness, stands gloomily apart with almost no one to depict its significance and glories.

This is the more remarkable from the fact that in the east, which claims the honor of orginating the day and the further honor of being par excellence the home of American art, the festival takes precedence of Easter, and New Year's, and other days of celebration, save the Fourth of July. The festival is a Puritan product and seems to have repelled the lovers of the beautiful, as did the stern-visaged sticklers for plainness who landed at Plymouth and overran the adjacent territory.

The illustrated papers alone have seen the day material for artistic display, and have for many years presented in pictorial form characteristic features of the festival. In these for the most part the turkey has been adopted as the symbol, if not the motive, as the lily has been for Easter, and the holly and mistletoe have been for Christmas. Even in periodical pictures of Thanksgiving church attendance and family reunions there has usually been a turkey in the foreground or background, with its suggestion of death and dinner.

Indeed, it has been said that if it were not for the sorrows of the fowl, that make them a mark for humor and caricature, Thanksgiving would scarcely have broken into the illustrated journals. The serious pictures pertaining to the day are declared to be a sentimental modification of the humorous.

A canvass was made a day or two ago of the leading art stores of the city, but not a Thanksgiving picture could be found. At one store, the best they could do was to "offer a picture with a turkey in it." At another it was declared that the festival had never been made a theme for art, and that a quest for Thanksgiving pictures would be fruitless. At the other stores the report was similar.

"The day," said one art dealer, "is peculiarly and exclusively American, and not universal in Christian communities, like Easter, Christmas, and New Year's. Hence it would fall outside of the sympathies of English and continental artists. It is a strange fact, though, that American artists have ignored it. The festival has nothing dramatic or tragic about it, but it does offer an opportunity for the depiction of devotion and family happiness, with a fairly good scope of humorous treatment. There may be many Thanksgiving pictures painted by artists for their own homes or for individual patrons, but I have yet to see the first distinctively Thanksgiving picture reproduced for the trade and finding its way into the art stores."—Chicago Tribune.

Poison Ivy.

Just what it is that induces poison ivy to play its injurious pranks on some people at some times and not at others is still a profound mystery. One thing is certain, that the number of people susceptible to the poisoning influence must be extremely few, from the fact that in the vicinity of Philadelphia the highways and byways are overrun with the plant to an enormous extent. It is frequently impossible for people to go by without brushing against it, and if it is the vapor or some exudation from the plant which causes the trouble thousands of persons must be under the influence to every one who suffers from it. The writer of this paragraph knows of a tract of land on which the plant grows profusely and on which many scores of laborers are employed. These laborers are frequently set to weeding and pulling out the plant by the naked hand, and, so far as the writer knows, none of these men were ever poisoned by it. The cattle eat it greedily whenever they get an opportunity. It seems to have no injurious influence on them.—Meehan's Monthly.

In the Dry Goods Store.

"Is anyone waiting on you, miss?" asked the clerk politely.

"Yes, sir," she simpered. "I have been engaged three months."—Louisville Journal.

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		†	†
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Lv Lexington	11:25am	8:50pm	8:30am 5:50pm
Lv Winchester	11:58am	9:23pm	9:15am 6:30pm
Ar Mt. Sterling	12:25pm	9:50pm	9:50am 7:05pm
Ar Washington	6:5 am	3:40pm	
Ar Philadelphia	10:15am	7:05pm	
Ar New York	12:40n'n	9:08pm	

WEST BOUND.

		†	†
Ar Winchester	7:30am	4:50pm	6:55am 2:50pm
Ar Lexington	8:00am	5:20pm	7:35am 3:45pm
Ar Frankfort	9:11am	6:30pm	
Ar Shelbyville	10:01am	7:20pm	
Ar Louisville	11:00am	8:15pm	

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Arr Switzer	6:51am	3:32pm
Arr Stamping Ground	7:02am	3:48pm
Arr Duvalls	7:08am	3:58pm
Arr Georgetown	7:20am	4:15pm
Lve Georgetown	8:00am	4:30pm
Arr Newtown	8:12am	4:42pm
Arr Centreville	8:22am	4:52pm
Arr Elizabeth	8:28am	4:58pm
Arr Paris	8:40am	5:10pm

WEST BOUND.

Lve Paris	9:20am	5:30pm
Arr Elizabeth	9:32am	5:42pm
Arr Centreville	9:38am	5:48pm
Arr Newtown	9:48am	5:58pm
Arr Georgetown	10:00am	6:10pm
Lve Georgetown	10:40am	6:35pm
Arr Duvalls	10:56am	6:46pm
Arr Stamping Ground	11:10am	6:58pm
Arr Switzer	11:25am	7:04pm
Arr Elkhorn	11:35am	7:11pm
.....	11:55am	7:25pm

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